

# Life

May 15  
1931

10¢



NEIL HATT

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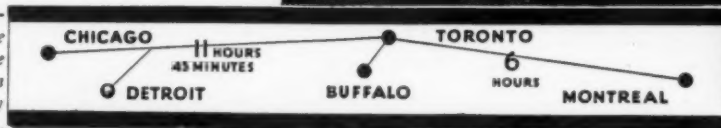
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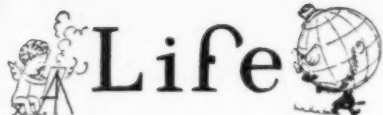


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UNEMPLOYMENT FEAR  
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### Poetical Pete

It's rather strange to find, at times—  
The truth cannot be slander.  
Such very proper geese mixed up  
With such impropaganda.

# Don't hurry to buy ... first shave this way free for 7 days

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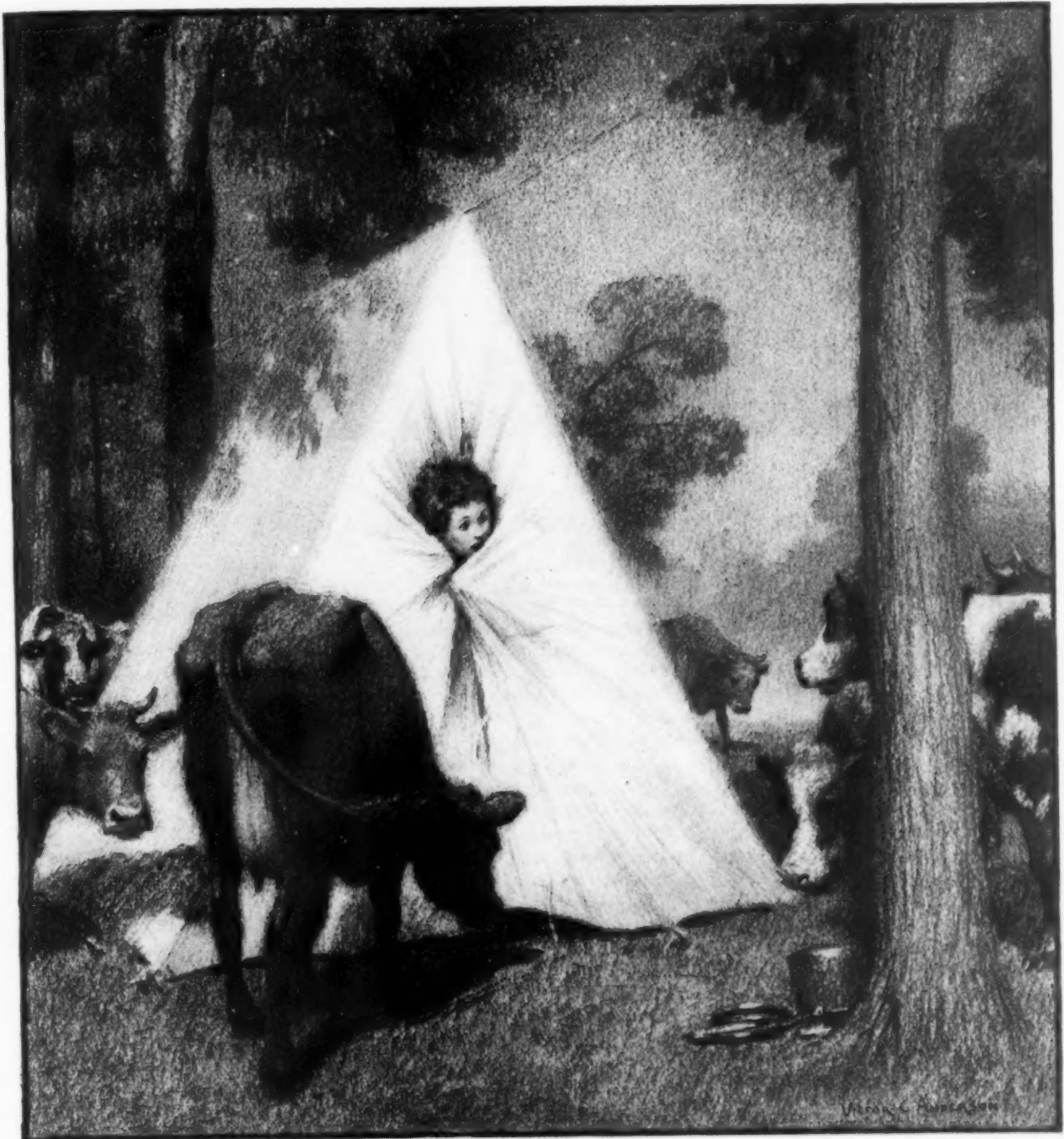
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# CUNARD



# Life



Tenting tonight.



*The man who had read up on the subject.*

## BE KIND TO YOUR BIOGRAPHER

BY RICHARD CONNELL.

**M**EMOIRS are a man's own fault; but a biography can happen to anyone, even to you, or me. But, are you being fair to your biographer?

Read Ludwig's Life of Bismarck and you will be struck by the wealth of detail the author was able to dig up about his subject. He tells us exactly how many girls the Iron Chancellor kissed, or tried to; how many quarts of small beer he drank on a certain day; how, as a student, he shaved off one eye-brow to make himself look sinister; and his opinions on diplomacy, card-games, Beethoven's music, sheep-dipping, buttermilk, indeed almost anything you care to mention. This biographer's task was made easier by the fact that old Otto wrote letters and people saved them. You will be impressed, too, by the important names which stud Bismarck's letters. With one hand he tweaked the nose of the Emperor of Austria, and with the other he patted the royal head of the King of Bavaria. He lunched with princes and dined with tsars. But what about you?

I toss about on my cot, worrying about the difficulties which will beset my biographer. I picture the poor chap grubbing away in musty archives a thousand years from now, in search of material, and being able to exhume only the following papers:

1. A note to my laundry asking what they have done with that evening shirt of mine.
2. A picture post-card from Asbury Park, depicting a stout lady having her ankle nipped by a crab, and bearing the words—"Having swell time. Love to all."
3. A letter to my Uncle Walter describing my first visit to the flea circus.
4. A dance-card (circa 1912) showing that I danced six two steps, four waltzes and a barn-dance with somebody named Betty.
5. Forty rejection slips from sundry editors.
6. A note reading: "Dear Claude—If you don't send me fifty bucks at once, I'll have to eat sofa cushions."
7. A letter to Messrs. Sears, Roebuck and Co. asking what they have

in the way of double-barrel shot-guns.

Obviously he will be sore put to it to construct a meaty four dollar book. I feel I must help him; and I think you should help *your* biographer, too. Perhaps we should all get together and promote a 'Be Kind to your Biographer' week.

**T**HE least we can do is to write some letters full of the juicy stuff biographers like—and leave them in an iron box for future discovery. I am doing my part in the 'Be Kind to your Biographer' movement by writing a series of letters—on lasting parchment. A friend of mine has promised to put them in a bottle and drop them down his well; and think what fun my biographer will have when he fishes them up sometime in the dim future.

My first letter reads like this:

My dear Anthony:

Ho—hum—this is Washington's Birthday—in the year 1931. Life is pretty dull for me these days. Take to-

day, for example. I rose, as usual, at six, and after a cold tub went for a canter in the park with Jack Dempsey, Secretary Mellon, and the Dolly Sisters. What larks! Met Charlie Chaplin and asked him what he thought of movie magnates. He said, with that quiet leer of his, "A magnate is something you find in a chestnut, isn't it?"

Returning to the Snuggery (my Fifth Avenue house) I found there Rudy Kipling, Al Einstein, and some senators. For breakfast we had tripe, reed-birds on toast, venison steak, angels on horseback, and various beverages. Stravinsky and Dick Strauss dropped in and played the score of their new opera, "Oysters with Chocolate Sauce;" very catchy; but sour in spots. I told them where it was wrong and they went home to fix it. The Duchess of P—— came up the fire-escape. I threw her out. People have begun to talk about us.

Dictated my views on the Orkney Island question, making it clear that I will tolerate no interference on the part of Tasmania, even though the dogs of war are growling in the Balkans.

Lunched at Yussel's Venetian Grotto with the King of S——. His Majesty certainly can tuck away the lemon jello. We discussed the Yan Tse Ho incident, and the Smoot-Root treaty and I warned him that if Mexico tries to annex Canada there are bound to be re-



"Poor seat, what?"

percussions in Tokio. Frankly, I do not trust the king. He wears such terrible neckties. We could not see eye to eye on the sardine embargo law, and his majesty left in a huff. I left in a taxi.

At my house I found a number of persons who had dropped in to discuss the Orkney question and play backgammon. Among them were The Aga

Khan, Otto Kahn, General Smuts, James Durante, The Duke of Norfolk, Primo Carnera, Mrs. Fiske, the Swedish Ambassador, whose name I did not catch, Alice Longworth, Will Hays, Helen Wills Moody, and a man nobody seemed to know. We had a long conference, but came to no conclusion.

Dined at Tony's with somebody very close to the President. I was offered a portfolio, but declined, as I already have a portfolio. I told him frankly my position in the Siberian matter and he promised to rush the Bream-McGivney Bill through Congress. This is strictly *entre nous*, of course. Wall Street must not know. Of course I am still a firm friend of Montenegro.

Went back to my house for an informal chat with Tardieu, King Zog, and others. The Duchess of P—— came up in the dumb-waiter; but I threw her out.

Well, a thousand years from now this may be history—

### Have You Noticed?

"When I raise my baton each player is as tense as if he were going to make a speech," says an orchestra leader. But we always think the one with the cornet is getting set to whistle through his teeth.



"Never quarrel with nature, caddie!"



## Antony and Clara

*It may be that if Clara Bow had drifted down the Nile upon her barge the history of Antony might have been quite different.*  
—Heywood Brown.

MR. BROWN is right. It might have been quite different. And the facts of history being different, Shakespeare's play would necessarily have been different too. Here, for example, is the way one of the scenes might have been written:

ANTONY: Hear me, Queen; the strong necessity of time commands our services awhile; but my full heart remains in use with you.

CLARA BOW: That's swell.

ANTONY: Age cannot wither nor custom stale thine infinite variety.

Bow: Sez you.

ANTONY: Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch of the ranged Empire fall! Here is my space, Kingdoms are clay when such as thou art near.

Bow: Don'ta give me thata.

ANTONY: O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See, how I convey my shame out of my eyes.

Bow: Papa love mamma?

ANTONY: Thou knewest too well



"Hooray! Mandy, Ah found a job! Hooray!"

my heart was to thy rudder tied by strings.

Bow: Aw, balony!

ANTONY: I am dying, Egypt, dying!

Bow: Oh, yeah?

*Exit Antony. He decides to live after all and conquers the world, discovers America and leads an expedition to the South Pole.*

—W. W. Scott.

## Honors I Have Rejected

"TRAVELING alone too, eh? Mighty lonesome. Maybe you'd like to join me and a couple of other chaps in a little game of bridge in the club car. I'm a rotten player, if you'll overlook that. Just a friendly game—say, a nickel a point."

"I've come to you first, Mr. Purdy, because the publishers wish to place a few de luxe editions of this great educational work with five leading citizens of each community. This, you understand, is to give us prestige in placing cheaper editions with people of more moderate means. Now, our regular price for the de luxe edition is \$400, but we offer it to you—confidentially, of course—for only \$150."

"Mr. Purdy, all the ladies feel sure you'll be glad to give us ten minutes at our meeting next Tuesday afternoon and tell us all about the advertising business."

"So you think ten days is a pretty hard sentence just for reckless driving. Well, maybe you'd like to tell me how to run this Court."

—Warden La Roe.



"I'll bet you a nickel the deficit was fifteen million dollars!"

### Listen But Don't Learn

So trustful, was I, as a little girl,  
I ate every crust of my bread . . .  
And waited, in vain, for my hair to curl  
On my anxious little head;

I drank my milk with a willing  
grace . . .  
So rosy my cheeks would be!  
And closely I watched my pale young  
face,  
But never a blush could see!

At an early hour they rushed me to  
bed . . .  
Singing *Healthy,  
Wealthy and Wise!*  
And little I knew that the  
words they said  
Were nothing but nasty  
lies!

But I could forgive had  
they never taught  
'Twas better to wait for  
*The man!*  
For now I'm convinced I'd  
have missed a lot!  
(Had I followed their  
stupid plan.)  
—E. L.

### Taking After Dad

A banker's daughter is  
reported among the miss-  
ing in an eastern city.  
More and more we hear of  
daughters who follow in  
their father's footsteps.

### Doesn't Seem Logical

A physician finds per-  
sons in villages live longer  
than those in large cities.  
And yet there are more  
places to hide in large  
cities.

### Pre-Mortem

Perhaps  
If I had some assurance  
that my insurance  
would be practically spent  
by one who knew where  
each and every penny  
went  
I'd let it lapse.  
—ed. graham.

### Herbie Did Not!

We are asked to deny the rumor  
that President Hoover has sent the  
defeated mayor of Chicago a telegram  
of congratulations.

### Outguessing Hard Times

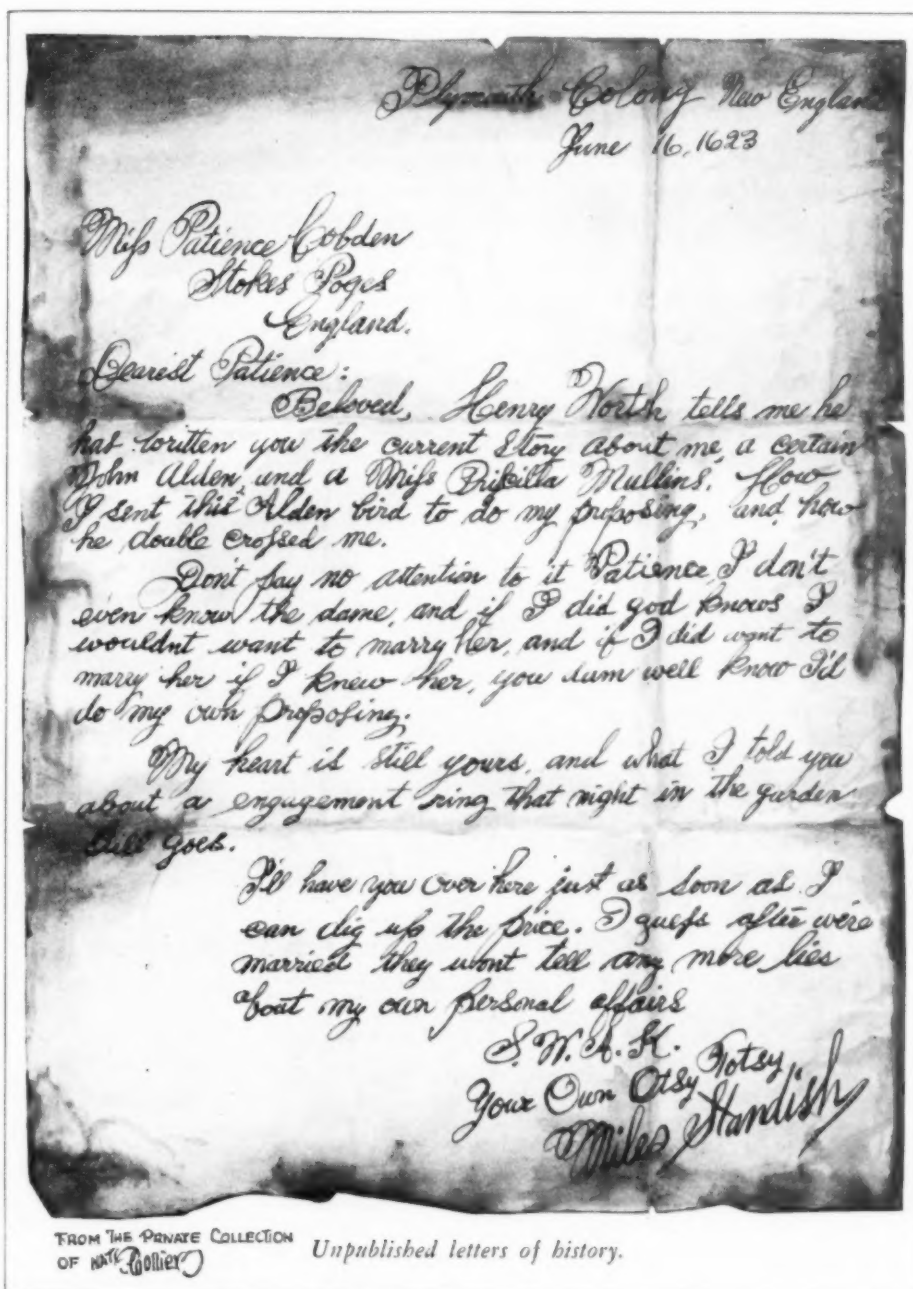
The idea that it is proper to spend  
your money before you get it is based  
on the supposition that perhaps you  
won't get it.

### Debunking Culture

Television will have its advantages.  
Think of being able to see Graham  
MacNamee fumbling with his French  
dictionary.

### The Hollywood Manner

It was all wrong sending the marines  
after Sandino in the first place. One  
good movie company would have done  
the job better and quicker.





## A PLEA FOR BETTER POST CARD MESSAGES

ONCE there was a bank cashier. When he entered the penitentiary for ten years he swept his cell, arranged the cot and table, removed from a pocket of his prison uniform some post cards the warden had sold him, and uncapped his fountain pen. Then he sat there frowning at the cards.

They depicted interiors and exteriors of the cell blocks and high stone walls. The prisoner smiled. He addressed the cards and, through force of habit, wrote on each: "Fine time. Wish you were here."

Is there not some way to avoid this universal post card greeting?

At times travelers strive. The result is far from encouraging. It usually runs: "Leaving here tomorrow," or "In this burg you get a big glass for a dime," or "Oh, boy! Is this a town!"

Not much improvement. The difficulty is there is very little space on a post card. Try to write anything and you find yourself across the line under the printed warning: "This Space For Address Only." You are out of bounds. It's the same as trying to use an adjective in a telegram.

Couldn't the post card people fall in line with the telegraph company and publish a booklet of appropriate messages?

WESTERN UNION has come to the aid of pencil-chewers, brow-knitters and blank-destroyers with its "Forms Suggested For Telegraph Messages." With slight changes many of the suggestions may be used for post cards. They might be borrowed until the post card people afford relief. I'm

sure, considering the seriousness of the situation, no one will object.

Here is one. "As the warm sunshine of Spring has newly decked the earth with flowers, with tender buds and fresh young green, so may your heart be filled with sunshine, bringing forth blossoms of happiness and contentment." Isn't it better than, "Fine time! Wish you were here?" I think it should go swell on the back of "Main Street Looking North" or "Stalagmites and Stalactites in Hermit Cave" or "Grant's Tomb at Dusk."

Here is another. "Love and all good wishes to the dear mother and her little son (daughter). We rejoice in your happiness. May this new life bring only comfort and joy to you through the years to come." Of course it is intended as a message on the birth of a son (daughter). But if you are in a distant city and learn that someone's son (daughter) has returned from school or a house party you can write the message on a post card. It is certainly more cheerful than, "Leaving here tomorrow." If you want something shorter there is a simple one which reads, "Love to the dear mother and her little son (daughter)." Or you might care to write, "Greetings to (the name of child) on his (her) safe arrival and congratulations to his (her) parents."

YOU might like this one. "Reserve outside (inside) single (double) room with bath (without bath) (day) (date). Serve breakfast (lunch) (dinner) in room (time)." It doesn't seem to mean much, but at the same time it isn't bad advice. It leaves the person

who receives your post card free to follow his (her) own inclinations as to room, bath and breakfast, dinner or lunch. I like it better than, "In this burg you get a big glass for a dime."

You should choose your message to conform with the picture on the other side of the card. The Western Union booklet offers variety.

For "Rapids Above Niagara Falls," "Cross Section of Grand Canyon," "Orange Grove in Blossom," "Wheat Fields at Harvest Time," "Plantation of the Old South" and other landscapes there are messages such as, "A greeting from far away, dear mother (father) (uncle) (aunt) (friend). May the day be a bright and smiling one for you," and "We have just heard of your success. Sincere congratulations and best wishes for the future," and "Not from the whole wide world I chose thee; the wide, wide world could not enclose thee; for thou art the whole wide world to me." You'll note the last message rhymes. If you care to you may add, "Will you be my Valentine? Answer by post card."

FOR "Court House and City Jail Looking East" there is, "My (our) heartfelt sympathy in your great sorrow." For "Wedding at Little Church Around Corner" there are messages such as, "Your loss is also mine for I (we) have lost a friend," and "Stork left with us today a (number) pound girl (boy)." I like them better than, "Oh, boy! Is this a town!"

And another thing—address the cards properly, but omit the usual salutation. Don't say "Dear Bill" or "Dear Mary." Write, instead: "To whom it may concern."

—T. S.



## SOME TYPES ON TIRES

### The Timid Driver

At twenty miles per hour he goes;  
His mind he very seldom knows,  
And from his signals you can guess  
The strain is causing him distress.  
At every street he hesitates  
And waits and waits and waits and  
waits.  
In fact, he waits so very long  
He never fails to get in wrong.

### The Speed Cop

More cursed than any other mortal,  
Abused from pillar to post to portal,  
The speed cop blithely rides along  
And frights us with his siren's song.  
He has his faults like any fellow  
And often is inclined to bellow.  
Better to lead the race than lag—  
The one he catches gets the tag.

### The Truck Driver

This Jovian roughneck makes us feel  
Like worthless worms beneath his heel.  
His stock of cuss words is the very  
Quintessence of vocabulary.  
To answer him is no more use  
Than using bird shot on a moose.  
Just mark the meeting as the day  
You lost another right-of-way.

### The Dare Devil

He knows his roadster has a horn  
But thinks of brakes with utter scorn,  
And overtime his horn employs  
To win the right-of-way with noise.  
So with a flourish and a din  
He risks your life by cutting in,  
Not thinking as he hurtles past  
That Gabriel has the final blast.

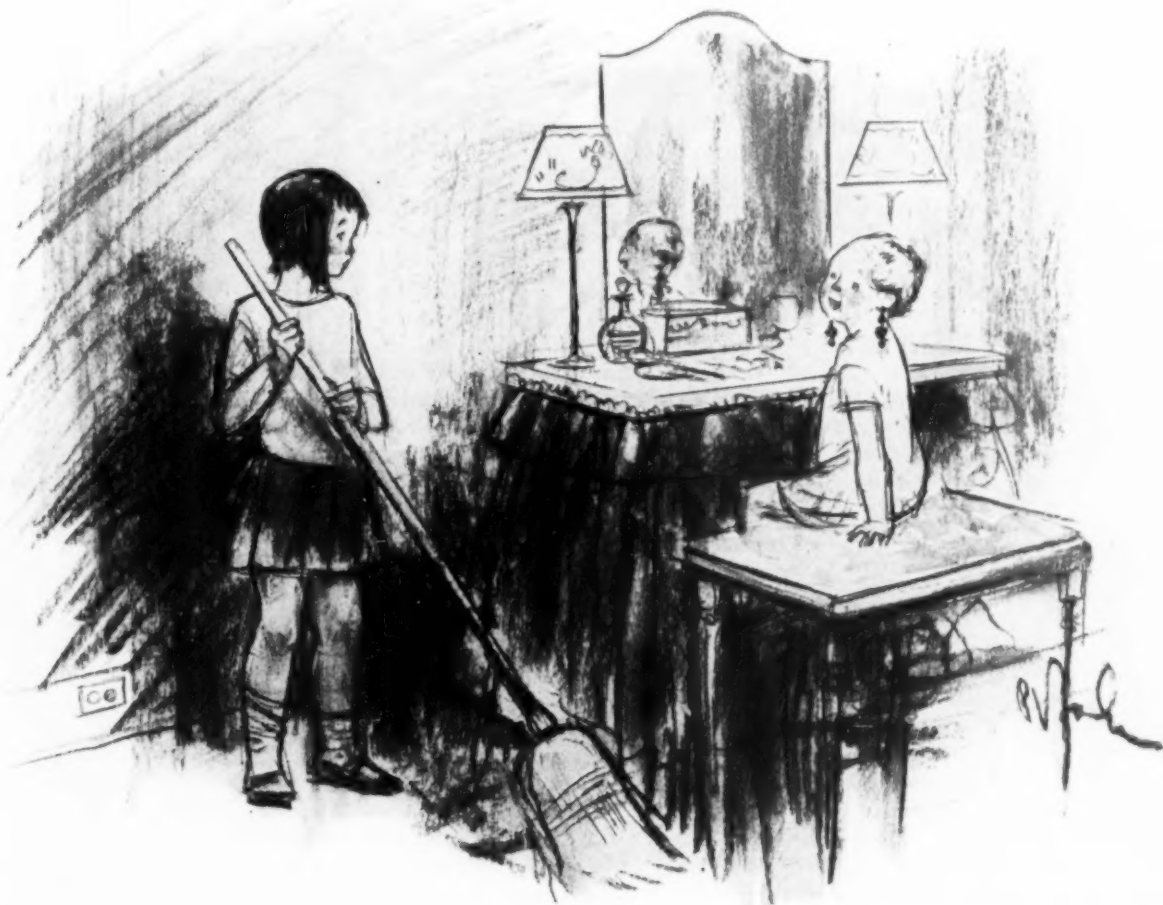
### The Fire Chief

Look! where a red streak hurtles by!  
Are mad flames licking up the sky?  
That was the chief himself you saw;  
He knows a crisis voids the law.  
You think he speeds to save from fire  
Some dimpled babe or wrinkled sire?  
Perhaps. And yet I have a hunch  
He's merely going home to lunch.

### The Taxi Driver

For time or tide he doesn't care  
As long as everything is fare.  
His life's so checkered day by day  
He soon grows hardboiled and blasé.  
Yet in an age when time will brush  
The past away in one swift rush,  
And one month's absence quite  
estranges,  
The taxi driver never changes.

—Dalmar Devening.



"Well, I think they make you look sophisticated."



# Life Looks About

## The Ferment Stirs

**E**VERYWHERE the Ferment Stirs" is the title of a piece by Mrs. Anne McCormick in the *New York Times Magazine*. The gist of it is that all the world is going through a process of revolution, with governments constantly changing because they cannot do the jobs that the times demand. Spain is the latest instance. Very interesting! a revolution, bloodless so far, to swing back from despotism of dictators to representative government!

Alfonso missed out in the War in Morocco and turned to dictators to keep order. The slow conclusion of the Spanish people was that his government was not worth what it cost, and the same conclusion seems to have been reached about the church, the army and the nobility.

Woodrow Wilson was finally for a war that would make the world safe for democracy. People laughed when so many countries turned to dictators, but a dictatorship is a form of democracy. Dictatorships are always temporary—nations try them when they are in a bad fix and get rid of them when they are ready. Here's wishing Spain a good voyage on her quest for better government! Alfonso does not greatly matter one way or the other, but if the clock has struck for his kind he will not come back to stay.

**T**HE biggest revolution of all seems to be going on in England where at this writing Philip Snowden has just disclosed to Parliament what taxes will be this coming year. The most conservative country in sight just now is the United States, sitting pretty on its limb of civilization with only the scantiest attention to the possibility that the tree will fall. What will stir these States? When will our people discover an impatience with the present provision of Congressional government, and when

they do so discover it, what will they do about it? About a year from to-day arrangements will be making for the conventions to nominate a President. There will be a lot of politics in 1932, but what they will be depends quite a bit on 1931. Business in this country is thought to be improving. Maybe it is, but even if it turns the corner at New Year's in better health, there will be a lot to do about the international situation. It is possible that the election will turn a good deal on international issues. If the public consciousness could really be stirred about the state of the world and what we ought to do about it, and what leadership we needed for that errand, of course that would be incredibly interesting, and might even compete for attention with the great issue of Wet or Dry.

## Investigate Everybody!

**T**HIS is a time when any public character who aspires to more publicity can easily achieve investigation. The Mayor of New York is being investigated. So are Mr. Crain, the District Attorney, the police, magistrates, banks, brokers and others. The gentleman who stands in the public eye for most of these investigations is Judge Seabury, supported by Mr. Burlingham, the President of the Bar Association, and many others. All this investigation seems to be doing well and when the head of the Citizens Union sent out a circular the other day inviting formation of a Committee of One Thousand to clean up the town, it naturally made some people wonder why an investigation that was already going on prosperously should have to be supplemented by an organization about to be gathered to operate in the same field. This seemed to involve some redundancy of effort and expenditure. Following the invitation to join the Committee of One Thousand, came an appeal for contributions in money from persons who had not joined the committee. To one of these appeals Mr. Kingsland Macy, chairman of the Republican State Committee, replies criticising this movement. He objects especially to having it said in the appeal that the money to be collected

was to be used to help Judge Seabury's investigation and bring it new subjects for inquiry. That indeed was the item that made the invitation inviting.

**T**HE standard Tammany complaint against the Citizens Union is that its politics are Republican, so it would be a comfort to Tammany to have a leading Republican like Mr. Macy get after another Republican like Mr. Schieffelin.

"Who can understand his errors, cleanse thou me of secret faults!"

Let us pass around investigations as much as possible!

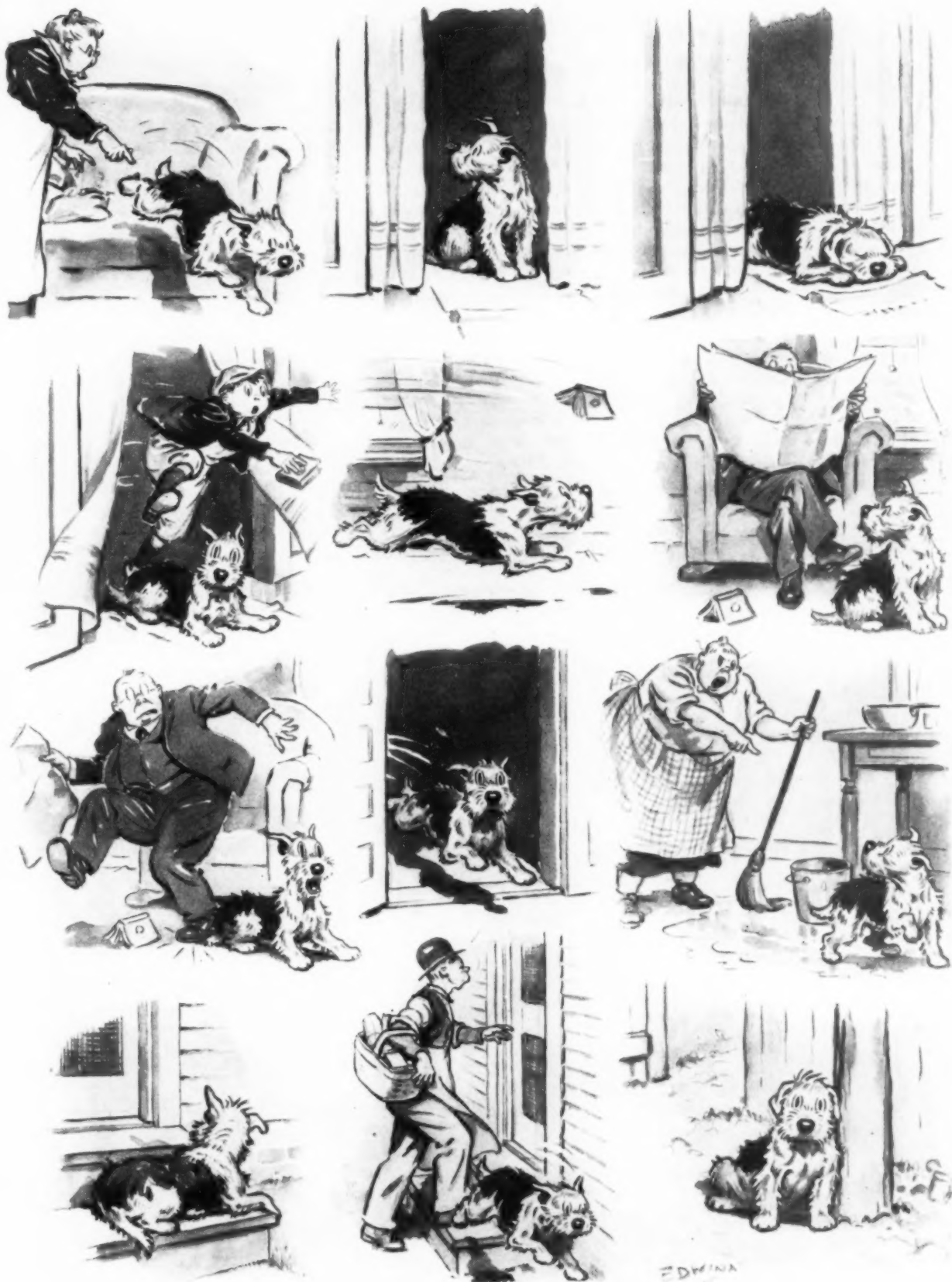
Judge Seabury and his company are doing well by Tammany and may improve it. Now if Mr. Macy will investigate Mr. Schieffelin and Mr. Schieffelin Mr. Macy, these may be useful regenerative operations for the Republican party in New York.

## He Got His Army

**G**ENERAL PERSHING has written up his experiences in the War in Europe, and now the military critics are writing up General Pershing. On the whole he comes out very well. His book is important. Mr. Frank Simonds, always a first rate war writer, commends it as notable and compares it with Grant's Memoirs. General Pershing's main story is: "I insisted that there should be an American army and finally I got one." In the end his insistence was sustained even by military opinion, but he had a bigger fight with Allied generals and statesmen to secure an American army fighting under its own flag than he finally did with the Germans. What his critics usually say is that he saw some things too big and attributed to worse motives than were true the efforts to swerve him from his purpose. But as a man and a military character they give him abundant credit.

After all, from the American point of view the great achievement of the World War was the education and development of the United States. It was that which American observers feared our country might lose if it kept out of the War. We needed that discipline, and we got it.

—E. S. Martin.



SINBAD.  
*Always in the way!*



# MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

**A**PRIL 23.—Shakespeare's birthday, and also that of my Samuel, so dispatched him greetings at Cooperstown, where he has gone on business, and told him of the handsome dressing gown which I have ordered him, and of the jar of cookies which Katie has baked for him without holding back on the nuts and citron. Then on the telephone with Mr. Dorfman, the press representative, and rejoiced to learn from him that I can duplicate at a local draper's the splendid perfume which Florenz Ziegfeld gave me, for I have grown fonder of it than of any scent that ever I had in my life, and was fearful that it was a special blend. Lydia Loomis to see me, full of news about a stock which she has bought a deal of and which she expects will soar immediately, and I could tell from the tone of her discourse that she was hopeful that I would take advantage of her information and enrich myself, but I paid her no heed, for Lord! I have heard such bad tidings of my friends' speculations during the past two years that I would not take a chance on a gilt-edged proposition even if Mr. J. P. Morgan conducted me personally to the broker's. No, I am going to be the crone who is found dead clutching a sock containing the savings of a lifetime, and I pray God that my

demise do not occur in Brooklyn, where the takings-off of so many rich recluses seem to be staged. Luncheon on a tray, of cold salmon and some grapefruit salad, and then Miss Rose to write my letters, and I dictated twenty-six within forty-five minutes, wondering why I had allowed myself to suffer through being delinquent about some of them. One of them which I have been putting off was a heart-broken inquiry from a Mistress Laughlin as to how I could call Somerset Maugham the greatest living English writer when John Galsworthy is still with us, and it was so difficult to answer her satisfactorily that I did determine to postpone my exposition even further, and sell it to some editor for good money. But my opinion is the same, albeit, as I told her in a brief note, my admiration for Galsworthy's achievements is unbounded.

**A**PRIL 24.—Early up, with such an irrefutable inclination to see and speak with my husband, poor wretch, that I did telephone the club to make train reservations for Miss McLean and myself on this night's sleeper, so we shall soon be off for Cooperstown to

stop at the Fenimore, one of my favorite hostelrys, where the steam heat in the winter gives one a faint idea of what to expect in the Plutonian regions, and where one can get watermelon pickle even for breakfast if so thoughtful as to demand it. The day gone, therefore, in such deplorable business as packing, hairdressing, etc. and when I did confide to my dressmakers that I was unable to keep my fitting appointment, one of them, a flip wench, did ask me if I thought the Fourth of July a suitable date for the delivery of a cloth suit, so I did not tell her of my plans to put in the next hour finishing "About the Murder of the Clergyman's Mistress," a Thatcher Colt story which does approach nearly in many details one of the most notorious crimes of our day, and I was tickled in especial when Mr. Colt said he would have more faith in the statement that the female of the species is more deadly than the male if it had been made by a scientist instead of a poet, albeit I am by no means certain that Mr. Kipling did not get his information out of a textbook. A large box of asparagus by the afternoon express from our cozen Fitch Gilbert in Aiken, so had some of it cooked for dinner, along with a fine piece of ham, and then, after closing my flat for the week-end, by train to Cooperstown.



"I'd marry if I was sure I wouldn't get used to it."



"Well, well, professor—so that's how you do the rabbit trick!"

### Things Mr. Winchell and I Probably Will Never Know

Where they find the records for those nickel-in-the-slot restaurant phonographs.

What ever became of Joan Lowell.

How many minutes and seconds a public utilities company waits after a new street has been completed, before tearing it up.

What really causes the boys to get that way over Peggy Joyce.

What would happen if Aimee Semple McPherson developed a sense of humor.

What a Singer Midget thinks of Primo Carnera.

What Mayor Walker actually thinks about the investigating committee.

How one decides to become a bass-drum player.

How one decides to become a six-day bicycle racer.

Whether an admiral feels a twinge of jealousy upon passing a doorman.

Why a repair charge at a jeweler's is always \$4.50.

How Mahatma Ghandi would look in tights.

Whether anyone ever reads picture-postcard captions.

Whether anyone ever reads birth-control publications.

What the whether will be tomorrow.

—E. B. Crosswhite.

### Instalment Love

When to your roving eye I yield  
It might be said the bargain's sealed;  
And if I then return your glance  
It's just a trifle in advance.  
The first instalment's seldom paid  
Until your lips on mine are laid,  
And subsequent instalments come  
When eyes say much but lips are dumb.  
But when the days begin to drag  
And payments, like the hours, lag  
And temperature declines to mount,  
I promptly start a new account!

—W. L. R.

THE HEIGHT OF LAZINESS: The man who wanted a job as Mahatma Ghandi's valet.

### Perfect Peace

It'll be some consolation to get to heaven and find that the streets are lined with gold and not with somebody else's cars.



"Yea, the whole works. I bequeath every dime to the mug who gets the rat that bumps me off!"

## A Little Child Shall Read Them

*A daily tabloid for children  
only is scheduled to make its ap-  
pearance soon.*

*—Item in The Pathfinder.*

JACK BUMPS OFF GIANT

MOTHER OF 30 FOUND IN SHOE

COW MAKES MOON HOP

WOLF FIEND SLAYS TOT;  
GIRL IN RED RIDING HABIT

GRAFT IN CUPBOARD CASE;  
BARE SAYS MA HUBBARD

SPIDER MASHER SOUGHT.  
ANNOYED MUFFET GIRL

PRINCE WEDS CINDERELLA;  
SHOTGUN HINTED



*"I've bid on everything, and I haven't had to buy anything, yet."*

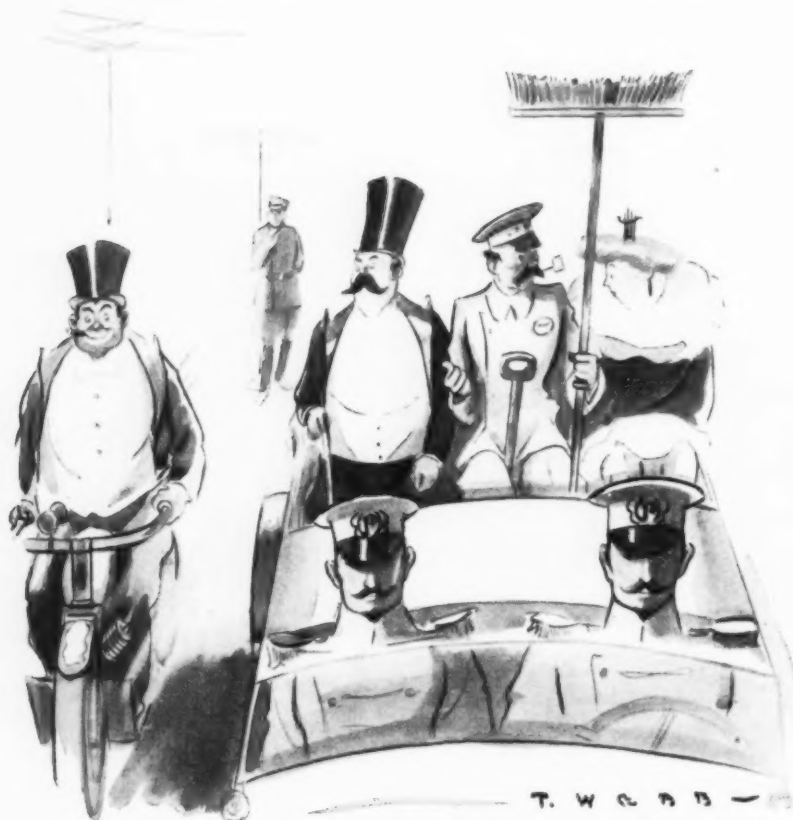
GEORGIE PORGIE IN LOVE RAID.  
KISSED GIRLS SAYS CHARGE  
—W. W. Scott.

## The Movie Critic Reviews Bobby Jones's First Talkie

"Last night was presented the premiere of a pleasant little comedy about golf featuring a newcomer to the films, Robert T. Jones. I don't remember ever having seen him before, but Jones comported himself very well and except in the golf sequences appeared perfectly and charmingly at ease. It would not surprise me at all to see this man Jones make a name for himself as he has all the ingredients of a popular success. His acting in the picture was finished in execution, and except for the fact that the magnates with their usual execrable taste have woefully miscast him as a golf champion, he carries off the honors of the evening. Provided that coming into the public eye will not go to his head, Jones should prove a valuable addition to the ranks of Hollywood film players. But just a tip to Mr. Jones and to the director of that picture—good golfers do not bend their left arm on the back swing!"

## Love—Or Something

Fire destroyed the home of a Buffalo couple on the night they returned from their honeymoon. Our guess is that she saved the silver while he saved his new bath robe.



*"Fine feathers an' fine clothes are turnin' the big gigolo's head, Mrs. Peebles—  
I'll wager he looks very humble in nature's garb."*



## THE SADDEST BOOK THERE IS

**I**F I were an automobile dealer I would never take any old cars in trade on nice new ones. That's where the automobile dealer makes his mistake.

He starts off his fiscal year with a lot of pretty, shiny cars and he ends it with a lot of old run-down cars. Even when he sells one of his old cars he has to take an older one in trade on it, so he really keeps getting worse and worse off all the time and the only future he has is to end his days with a lot of high bicycles on his hands.

Of course, I know it is hard for automobile dealers to resist our sales resistance. We go in with our old broken-down 1925 Hiccups, and the first thing they know, they own it. We tell them how it is practically a new car, or really better than new because we have spent a lot of money improving it and because it was in storage those three years we were laid up with eczema—and, well, because they used to make them better back in those days when men were craftsmen and not automatons. And just as the salesman starts to cry and to get ready to tell us to take two of his new cars for our old one, he catches himself and says wait a minute until he goes and looks in the book and sees what the quotation is on our car. (As he leaves, we tell him we wouldn't be wanting a new car in the first place if we didn't like the new curved door handles better than the old square-ended handles.) He leaves us, and we start to try the slam of the door of our new car.

Pretty soon he comes back, his face a foot long, and green with nausea.

"The book says your car is worth \$65."

You say to yourself you'll drive it until there is nothing left but the chassis, before you'll sell it for *several times* \$65, and you start to fold up your injured pride and walk out.

"Of course we might be able to allow you a little more than that if we could find a buyer for your car. I'll see what I can get our manager to do on it."

The "book" is what hurt you. Before the salesman went and looked at the book, you had him practically ready to trade even, at least.

I call it the Insult Book.

That book certainly helps automobile dealers to keep both feet on the ground—such ground as there is.

I don't know who wrote it. It doesn't

make much difference. Certainly somebody who hates old automobiles with his body AND soul. Or maybe somebody who just took a lot of small numbers out of a hat.

\$65! The tires alone are worth that!

I still say that if I were an automobile dealer I wouldn't take in old cars at any price. I wouldn't even talk about it, and maybe that would be better business than going to look at a book and coming back and saying "\$65."

**B**UT the way the auto dealers use a book makes me wonder if it wouldn't be better if we all had books to consult when anybody tries to sell us anything. Books which would knock anything we might be thinking of buying.

For instance, if a man came to our door and got us enthusiastic about a \$400 Persian rug for \$150 we could

go look in our book under "P" and find some such remark as: "Persian rugs! Pshaw! What do you want with a Persian rug? The \$400 ones are worth about \$20."

Just as our automobile dealer must go to *his* book and read: "Pshaw! What do you want with a 1925 Hiccups car? Worth about \$65."

**I**N other words, a book to turn to in moments of enthusiasm, wherein we might find the facts of life—to diminish our buying frenzies.

If automobile dealers can use such a book to increase their sales resistance to us, why shouldn't we poor laymen have a book to increase our sales resistance to a few things—a book full of insults to all kinds of merchandise, alphabetically arranged?

—Don Herold.



"Yes, he made millions after I left him . . . but of course that was his way of sublimating it all."

# LIFE IN WASHINGTON

By Carter Field

## "Shoot-the-Works" Louis And His Roulette Wheel

THERE is a thrill just in watching the man who pushes all his chips to the centre of the table—who apparently is risking his all on the turn of a card—the man who "bets his roll." Even those who disapprove, morally, of gambling, feel a quickening of the pulse when they watch, however critically, such a performance.

Louis Emmerson, governor of Illinois, ranks right up with "Bet You a Million" Gates as such a performer. He has pushed all his political future right on the wet and dry roulette table. If the wheel stops at his precise number, at the precise moment next year when that number will count, Lou will profit by his daring. If it does not, it looks mighty probable that Lou will be bowed out into political darkness.

This act of daring he has just performed was the veto of the repeal of the state prohibition enforcement act. In doing so he defied a two to one majority in a referendum held in Illinois last fall on this precise measure. He defied a sentiment in his state manifested in two other wet and dry referenda held the same day. He defied the sentiment which sent James Hamilton Lewis to the Senate by a plurality of more than 700,000, when Lewis ran wringing wet, Ruth Hanna McCormick ran pussyfooting, and Lottie Holman O'Neill ran bone dry. Lewis' clean majority over both of them put together was in excess of half a million!

And Emmerson vetoed the repeal of the state enforcement act!

SO dumbfounded were the folks out in the state that they began to conjure up all sorts of wild explanations. One of them was that President Hoover had personally requested Governor Emmerson to do it. This doesn't hold water, though there is no doubt, of course, that the President was very much pleased. He had been urging the need of state cooperation with the federal government in enforcing prohibition, so naturally he would regret to

see Illinois join that formidable minority of states which already have no local enforcement laws—Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Wisconsin, Nevada and Montana.

But the White House promptly denied this report when Chicago correspondents inquired about it. Official denials are not always to be accepted without a grain of salt, of course, as politics and international relations frequently require a little twisting of the facts. But in this case there is little doubt that Mr. Hoover did not want his fingers burned again so soon after what happened about the Wickersham report. His wet supporters made things a bit unpleasant for him about that. He didn't want to stir up those sleeping dogs again!

The real motive of Mr. Emmerson apparently is that he wants to be President of the United States. And the first logical step, as he sees it, is for him to be nominated as Hoover's running mate next year, in place of Charles Curtis.

If that Curtis person had realized how many things would flow from his hint that he would seek a return to the Senate next time instead of sticking with the Hoover ship, one wonders if he would have hinted.

IN appraising this Vice Presidential situation Mr. Emmerson realized that the national Republican leaders are just worried sick about Illinois as they look forward to next year. That 700,000 Democratic plurality sticks in their craws. It is even worse than the 182,000 majority for Wet Democratic Bulkley in Ohio, birthplace of the Anti-Saloon League. It is a hundred times worse than the 700,000 Democratic majority in New York, hard as that may be for Empire State folks to accept. For it is easily possible for the Republicans to elect a President without New York, but it is next to impossible for them to win without Illinois!

If you add Illinois' electoral vote to that of the Wet Northeastern group—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey—you

will find that all the Democratic nominees will have to do to be elected will be to hold the South and the border states. They can let the entire West, from Michigan to California, and counting Indiana and Ohio, go hang!

And the trouble is, from the Hoover viewpoint, that Illinois not only went overwhelmingly Democratic last fall, but overwhelmingly wet also, in three separate referenda, so there could be no confusion about what was moving the voters. It would appear almost beyond doubt that the Democrats will name a Wet for President next year, whether their platform conforms to their candidate or not.

Hence the necessity, as the situation is viewed by Mr. Emmerson, of the G.O.P. doing something to save Illinois. It has become all the more necessary, it would appear, since Tony Cermak has captured the Chicago City Hall in the mayoralty election. For this will make a tremendous difference in Cook County's presidential vote next year. That is, unless Cermak is a reformer—and there is no such report.

COMPARED with John Q. Tilson, of Connecticut, whose state will have only 8 electoral votes even under reapportionment, Emmerson and Illinois may look mighty good at the Republican Convention. The same goes for Secretary of War Hurley, and his state of Oklahoma.

So there is a chance. Of course some of the Illinois leaders say that the folks are so mad with Emmerson about his veto that his being named as Vice President would insure Hoover's losing the state. But they are Wets anyhow, and they are so annoyed with Emmerson right now that they may not have the proper perspective.

They are mad because Emmerson was chairman of the state convention in Illinois last year, the convention which drafted the plank committing the party to be bound by the wet and dry referendum. This course, some still think, made the election of a Republican senator impossible. It would have been better, they think, to have stayed bone dry. But now Emmerson flaunts his own platform pledge in his bid for the Vice Presidency.

And Hoover denies he asked him to do it!

## Great Minds at Work



have just as much thrill to it and would be more sanitary.

—Dorothy Dix.

There is a very simple test by which it is said we can tell good people from bad: If a smile improves a man's face, he is a good man. If a smile disfigures his face, he is a bad man.

—William Lyon Phelps.

I like Lewis and I believe Lewis likes me.

—Theodore Dreiser.

I was never made to be ornamental.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

Raising tax rates does not now seem to be popular.

—Calvin Coolidge.

The educational influence of motion pictures has eliminated the "hick" type from small town life.

—Will Hays.

In America it is the men who are in the harem.

—Michael Arlen.

Competition among us boys is wasteful. It's expensive; it results in duplication of services; and it brings prices down. What the Hell!

—Al Capone.

Once a week I have a dessert of cold custard and hot chocolate cake.

—O. O. McIntyre.

## Misdirected Genius

I sometimes wonder  
if messrs. De Forest, and Marconi, had thought  
that the radio wonders they patiently wrought  
the electrical marvels for harnessing space  
and spreading the voice about everyplace,  
would just be another old advertising medium  
A high powered means of broadcasting tedium.  
I sometimes wonder  
if it wasn't a blunder.

—ed. graham.

## Is That Manly?

The discovery was made in a western state of a woman who for ten years had posed as a man. We understand the hoax was first suspected when she was seen one morning smiling at breakfast.

## Whoa!

A scientist in California has built an apparatus to measure light. We are told the chief difficulty is in getting the light to wait.



"Good Heavens—a man!"



## HAIL THE KING!

(Being Part Of A Fallen Monarch's Mail From Sympathetic Americans.)

YOUR MAJESTY:

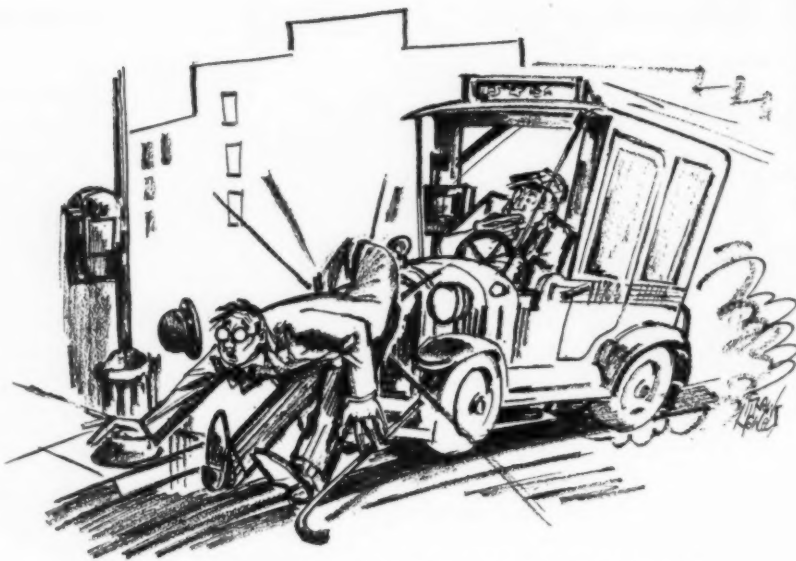
My partner and I were extremely grieved to hear that you were fired from your throne. But don't let that worry you. You have an army of friends that will always love you whether you sit on a throne or not. As a matter of fact we have a proposition to make to you that will make you think being a King was like being a galley slave. Our idea is to open a chain of haberdashery shops in America to be called "The Royal Wardrobe Shoppes". Get the idea? We would like to make you President and all you will have to do is let us use your name and perhaps make a personal appearance in a couple of the large cities. Will give you anything you ask.

Your loyal subjects,

A. COWAN & C. R. GOLDMARK,  
New York City.

DEAR KING ALPHONSO:

You may not rule over Spain at present but let me assure you that you rule in the hearts of the American people. Would you consider a lecture tour through America with talks on "Royalty—Aren't We All?", "The



"Damn—I use O'Sullivan's beels, Barbasol, Listerine and everything and still these things happen to me."

Other Side Of Being A King" and "How To Make Your Own Home A Palace"? Can guarantee you ten thousand a week.

C. C. SHARP,

Sharp Lecture Bureau.

DEAR KING:

Sympathize greatly with you. We know that things perhaps are not as good as they were a few weeks ago and would like to offer you five thou-

sand dollars if you will permit us to use following statement in advertising: "I never realized what made me unpopular until it was too late. Now I drink Healtho every night before going to bed, and I expect to regain my throne at any moment now.—Alphonso XIII."

HEALTHO CORPORATION,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

DEAR KING ALPHONSO:

You are missing the opportunity of your life to capitalize on the recent revolution if you don't come to America now. America will eat out of your hands. I am willing to finance a night club to be called the Alphonso if you will consent to be its Master of Ceremonies. Bring along a few spare royal uniforms and let me know what boat you are sailing on.

AL GALLAGHER,  
New York City.

P.S. Do you happen to have a chief of staff or aide de camp or some one who would make a good doorman?  
—Arthur Silverblatt.



"This idea of yours of dressing like the people certainly makes me feel at east."

### Honest?

If he had only known better years ago, "Legs" Diamond could have made an honest living endorsing something.



*"You know—traveling on a ship is the only way I get any real rest!"*

## THE LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

My Dear Daughter:

I have just been over at the Olde English Toggery Shoppe where I had a long session with the proprietor, Mr. Epstein. He says he thinks he can fit me out so I will blend into the background at your commencement. So your mother and I will come on and move about among the trees at some distance, if you don't mind. We would like to have you drive home with us if you think you can stand our car. Out on the roads nobody will know you.

We really want to come to your graduation because you are the first of our children who has made it possible. Something has always come up with your brothers and sisters, weak eyes or a nervous breakdown, that kept them from graduating. Your brother Sheridan came very near getting his name

into a diploma once. If daylight saving hadn't gone into effect without him knowing it, while he was on a weekend in his senior year, he probably would have made it.

I am very proud of your explanation of what became of your last allowance. You are so good at explaining things that I hope sometime you may meet Jimmy Walker.

Your Affectionate Father  
McCready Huston.

### Take Him Out!

There's either too much politics in New York baseball, or there's too much baseball in New York politics—at any rate, when a man gets old and incompetent in either sport, they put him on the bench.

## Lovely Logic

You needn't convince me  
That you wouldn't lie . . .  
I haven't thought  
That you'd even try . . .  
For I like the way  
You gently kiss  
My weary eyes . . .  
And the maddening bliss  
Of your soft caress  
On my tired lips . . .  
The magic touch  
Of your fingertips . . .  
The hidden strength  
Of your swift embrace . . .  
That sudden smile  
On your stubborn face . . .  
The peace I find  
On your willing shoulder . . .  
Oh, I'll not call you liar . . .  
*Not unless I grow colder!*

E. L.

# Movies • by Harry Evans

## "Tarnished Lady"

**T**ALLULAH BANKHEAD, famous southern society beauty who made good on the English stage, is the victim of too much publicity and a poor story in her first American made talkie. This is often the case. Producers will pay a new star a fabulous salary, spend a fortune exploiting her and then, with a lack of judgment that amounts to genius, purchase a story that would defy the talents of a Bernhardt, and tell the star to go ahead and be wonderful. It would be unfair to judge Miss Bankhead's work in such a trashy vehicle as "Tarnished Lady." However, we can say that she screens attractively, has one of those low, throaty voices which are treated so kindly by the microphone, and is a capable actress. Not even "Tarnished Lady" can hide these assets.

Inasmuch as there is nothing more of interest to report about Miss Bankhead, we will tell you something of the story. There is a great mistake in the plot. It is supposed to prove something about life, whereas it should have been a mystery story—in fact it could be changed to a mystery play even at this late date if the producers will follow the suggestion which we will offer. You see, Tallulah loves a poor young man so she must marry for money. Having decided this she says to herself, well, all right—I'll sacrifice my fresh young beauty for gold, but before I do I'm going to have my moment. So she goes walking on a beach with her boy friend (a beautiful bit of photography) and they sink to the sand and loll about with the minimum amount of suggestion as prescribed by Will Hays.

The next day she marries the rich man. Later they spat and part. She goes to work in a department store and has a baby. But does she tell her rich husband? Of course not. That, she says, would be taking advantage of him. Aren't women the darndest things? One minute a gal will burn up and accuse you of abusing her if you say "Boo" and the next, or maybe a bit later, she will go to the fuss and bother of having a child and not mention it because she doesn't want to take advantage of you. Well, anyhow, here

is where the author of this yarn missed his big opportunity for a mystery story. The Young Mother becomes reconciled to her husband, takes him to her flat and says, I'll bet you don't know what I've got in the next room. Well, she's got him there and besides he doesn't want to start another argument, so she takes him by the hand, leads him through the door and you should see his face. They clinch and that's the end. Now here is my suggestion for a finish. When shown the child he should say, "Well I'll be a son-of-a-gun," or "What do you know about that!" or maybe just whistle in surprise, you know "Whew!" except that that always seems to us to be the wrong way to spell it. Then she should laugh heartily, slap him on the back and say, "Listen, if you think that's sumpin' wait till I tell you the funny part. You remember the night I was on the beach with De Witt—or did I tell you? Well, anyway I *actually* don't know which of you is the kid's pappy." After which they both have a good laugh, the picture ends, and you go away giggling with a swell unsolved mystery.

If this idea is accepted we'll let you know. If it isn't don't go to see "Tarnished Lady."

## "A Tailor Made Man"

**T**HIS is the first opportunity the babbling screen has taken to demonstrate how easy a matter it is to bring back prosperity . . . in the movies. William Haines is the bright young man who works the phenomenon, and it is all so simple—so *terribly* simple.

It is the custom of the movies to start their heroes with humble beginnings, but in this one they seem to have reached a new low. As the story opens we find Mr. Haines pressing pants. Now we have no objections to a plot in which a pants presser makes good, but somehow the spectacle of a spirited young person of Mr. Haines' type making wise-cracks about Destiny over an ironing board is a little difficult to take in stride. Of course jobs have been scarce, but such a bright, intelligent young man pressing pants. Well, sakes alive!

However, William does not waste much time on his chosen calling during the evening. In no time at all he borrows a dress suit, crashes a party, charms all the gals with his apt remarks, meets an industrial magnate and takes over the management of the gentleman's affairs. When a situation arises, such as renewing loans or quelling strikes, William has the answer ready and waiting. It is true that some of these answers would not satisfy the writer, particularly the oratory employed by Mr. Haines in pacifying the dissatisfied employees. What the debate between Bill and the hired help lacks in smart repartee and the fundamentals of mob psychology it makes up for in noise, and Bill finally wins for the simple reason that he yells 'em into submission.

The picture offers one drastic variation of movie technique. In the ballroom scene the dancers do not waltz. They tango. If you don't believe it listen to the music. This certainly marks a new step in the industry.

Lord, what a picture. It isn't good enough to rave about nor bad enough to make jokes about.

## "Iron Man"

**L**EW AYRES does a better job in this picture than in any of his efforts since "All Quiet On The Western Front." He is quite acceptable as a prize fighter for the very good reason that Director Tod Browning eliminates the lengthy close-ups of ring fighting that are usually the weak spots in movies about pugilists. Mr. Browning concentrates on the story, which gives Robert Armstrong a lot to do in the role of Lew's manager—and it is due to Mr. Armstrong's active participation in the proceedings that the picture is good. Ever since his stage appearance in "Is Zat So?" Mr. Armstrong has been prominent in movies dealing with the prize ring, and still heads the list in this field.

The dialog in "Iron Man" is natural, the direction is intelligent, and Messrs. Ayres, Armstrong and John Miljan give entertaining performances. That's more than you usually expect from a movie, isn't it?





"Loges!"

### An Orgy of Organization

*Case reports of recent attacks of Epidemic Clubitis.*

#### CASE REPORT NO. 1. *The Alimony Club of America.*

This Club was organized in order to protect men against gold-diggers, particularly in Chicago.

#### CASE REPORT NO. 2. *The Men's Dress Reform Party.*

This Party was organized in London, for the purpose of abolishing the boiled shirt and the stiff collar from male wardrobes.

#### CASE REPORT NO. 3. *The Holiness League.*

This League was organized to frown on dancing, tobacco and evolution in Columbus, Ohio.

#### CASE REPORT NO. 4. *The Business Men's Pistol Club.*

This Club was organized in Evanston, Illinois, to teach members how to shoot bandits more accurately.

#### CASE REPORT NO. 5. *The Harmony League.*

This League was organized to supply cheer to those who are gloomy in Baltimore.

—W. E. Farbstein.

### The Public Appetite

How dear to my heart were the old movie thrillers,  
The old silent thrillers that came in two reels  
And harbored no gangsters—just villainous killers,  
Good-natured compared to our present day heels.  
I long for the sight of a girl in a pickle;  
I pine for the hero arriving in time.  
I used to see both of these things for a nickel—  
Five Indian pennies, one half of a dime.

For only a nickel,  
For one measly nickel,  
For one red-hot nickel,  
One half of a dime.

I'm weary of sound adaptations of girl shows;  
Would I see another? I answer you, nix!  
I'm fed up with war films, society's whirl shows  
And movies that feature a bootlegger's tricks.  
So strangle your epics; each one only nurtures  
A pain in my forehead. Desist being cruel.  
I want to go back to the days when we searchers  
For simple amusement were fed simple gruel.

For nightly amusement,  
For merely amusement,  
For simple amusement  
Feed me simple gruel!

—Warden La Roe.



"Snitz, you done a brilliant piece of writing on that corn-plaster copy."

# Life at Home



ELMIRA, N. Y.—A prohibition agent operating in this area out of Washington, recently passed a physical examination for life insurance, but was later turned down by the insurance company.

"They regarded me," he said, "as the poorest risk in the eastern part of the United States."

NEW YORK—Nicholas Delli, 72, arrested as a subway beggar, complained bitterly in court that his proceeds for the week were "only" \$171. Before the business depression, he said, he often netted more than \$2,000.

BOSTON—The business depression has hit even the United States Fat Men's Club. At the annual meeting here recently, President Carl F. Shaw reported a loss of approximately 3,600 pounds in membership due, he said, to the reluctance of superplump eligibles to spend money for dues.

SAN FRANCISCO—The State Supreme Court has awarded damages to John Driscoll, teamster, who in the course of his employment fell off a wagon and broke his wooden leg.

He was awarded damages and an extra \$19.45 a week until he gets a new leg.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Add the mouse to the hazards of aviation. A large section of wing fabric pulled loose from his plane while Oscar Dawson was making a flight here. He landed safely.

Workmen ripped open the wing and found a mouse huddled in a nest of threads gnawed from the fabric.

KIOWA, OKLA.—Night fishing has been simplified by Cyrus V. See,

who has invented a device consisting of a small flashlight battery attached to the butt of a fishing pole with wires connecting it with a bulb on the other end of the rod.

When the fish strikes the bait, the bulb flashes the news.

HARTFORD CITY, IND.—A drunken dog led to the arrest of Paul Garwood on a charge of liquor law violation.

The dog, a fox terrier, had become a habitual drunkard from eating mash.

GREEN BAY, WIS.—A fourteen-year-old boy was brought before the

CORNERBROOK, N. F.—This town was in an uproar when burglaries occurred nine times in three weeks, each in a different section of the town. Visions of a gang of desperadoes terrified citizens. Then a policeman in whose cellar a prisoner was incarcerated, happened to notice a necktie hanging out of the prisoner's coat pocket, and decided to search the cell. A quantity of loot was found hidden in the room, which proved to be part of the stuff stolen. The thief had loosened the bars to his cell, and had sallied forth to commit his robberies, but had returned each time to the safety of his jail.

NEW YORK—Joan Jerome received a loving cup for being the most beautiful "home girl" in a contest designed to prove that girls living a normal home life are more beautiful than those on the stage. Miss Jerome is now planning to go on the stage.

WILMINGTON — A young opportunist who sold measles for ten cents to seven willing purchasers who sought vacations from school appeared to have started a small epidemic here.

The original measles patient conceived the idea and summoned his best friend to his room unobserved. The friend, sold on the idea, produced seven other school boys who likewise entered the room, paid dimes and departed with their vacations assured.

MILL VALLEY, CAL.—Iva May Stang sued for thirty-five thousand dollars damages for the loss of her sense of smell in an auto accident. The point particularly stressed in her complaint is that she is no longer able "to taste onions."



*And then, of course, there's the chap who made the trip to Europe entirely by rail.*

Assistant District Attorney in the Juvenile Court, charged with truancy. He was asked why he had not been in court the previous Saturday, as he had been told to be.

"Why," he answered the Assistant District Attorney, "don't you remember, I was on the golf course caddying for you?"

"Hmm-m," said the Court. "Put the boy on probation."

# Our Foolish Contemporaries



*Proprietor of Mountain Hotel: This is your room, sir. If you want a fine view over the mountains, put a franc in the slot and the shutters open for five minutes.—Passing Show.*

Asked how his last motion picture was doing, El Brendel wasn't so enthusiastic.

"It didn't get over so well in Detroit," he said. "They laughed at my straight man."—*Variety*.

Contrary to the common supposition, elephants do not resent being given tobacco, says Dr. Mann of the National Zoo. Well, all right just so long as they don't amble about the office, borrowing it.—*Detroit News*.

MOTHER—You were a good girl not to throw your banana skins down in the train. Did you put them in your bag?

JOAN—No, I put them in the gentleman's pocket who was sitting next to me.—*Passing Show*.

Lou Holtz's newest squelch is: "You stole my Austin—you pickpocket!"—*New York Mirror*.

"American ugliness is not complete even as ugliness," says G. K. Chesterton, who is no "Miss Liverpool" himself.—*New York Evening Post*.

Theodore Dreiser stormed into Hollywood and stormed out again, being much dissatisfied with what the movies propose to do with a story of his that they paid him \$150,000 for. He had better not make the movie people mad. They are quite capable of taking the story and turning it out as a Mickey Mouse cartoon.

*Spokane Spokesman-Review*.

A scientific expert says that fish kill mosquitoes. But who wants to keep a fish on his pillow?—*Punch*.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL—What's etiquette, Lily?

SECOND DITTO—Oh, that's the noise you mustn't swallow your tea with when there's company.

—*Boston Transcript*.

The Mayor had just laid the foundation stone of a new wing for the hospital, and the spectators awaited his speech.

"What can I do, Mary?" whispered the Mayor to his wife. "I've laid the stone on top of it."—*Pearson's*.

MODERN MOTHER—Did you have a good time at the playground this afternoon, darling?

MODERN CHILD—No, Mother, the new supervisor was trying to instil a spirit of gaiety.—*Our Children*.



*The janitor loses the key.—Tatter.*



# From Life's



# Family Album



Reprinted from LIFE, March 4, 1926

"...I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for me..."

# Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

\* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.  
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.  
(Listed in the order of their opening)

## PLAYS

**GREEN PASTURES.** *Manfield.* \$3.85 (\*)—Episodes from the Scriptures beautifully and amusingly done by an all-negro cast. Last year's Pulitzer play.

**ONCE IN A LIFETIME.** *Music Box.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Hilarious satire of Hollywood and the talkies. Grand fun.

**MRS. MOONLIGHT.** *Little.* \$3.85 (X\*)—The sad and charming whimsy of a lady unable to grow old. With Edith Barrett, Haidee Wright and Guy Standing.

**GRAND HOTEL.** *National.* \$4.40 (\*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Henry Hull and Eugenie Leontovich.

**TONIGHT OR NEVER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40 (X)—Mr. Belasco's diverting comedy wherein Helen Gahagan finds l'amour essential to a prima donna. Adults.

**THE VINEGAR TREE.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85 (\*)—Heartily recommended comedy with Mary Boland as the feather-brained lady with an overly developed—if inaccurate—feeling for past romance.

**FIVE STAR FINAL.** *Cort.* \$3.85 (\*)—Thrilling, melodramatic attack on the scandal-mongering tabloids with Arthur Byron as the managing editor.

**TOMORROW AND TOMORROW.** *Henry Miller.* \$3.85 (X and Tues.)—Philip Barry's play wherein a woman is made "complete" through motherhood. With Zita Johann and Herbert Marshall. Adults.

**AS YOU DESIRE ME.** *Maxine Elliott's.* \$3.85 (\*)—Splendid bit of acting by Judith Anderson in Pirandello's confusing play of a woman's identity.

**PRIVATE LIVES.** *Times Square.* \$3.85 (X)—Madge Kennedy and Otto Kruger carry on in this exceptionally amusing domestic brawl. Noel Coward (the author) and Gertrude Lawrence are out of the cast.

**THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET.** *Empire.* \$3.85 (\*)—Katharine Cornell gives a superb performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

**AS HUSBANDS GO.** *John Golden.* \$3.85 (\*)—Rachel Crothers' satisfactory comedy—the heady glamour of Paris lingers with two ladies on their return to Dubuque.

**HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.** *Apollo.* \$3.00 (\*)—Channing Pollock's play idealizing the Galahad-ish struggle of one couple vs. success, money and modern business.

**THE SILENT WITNESS.** *Morosco.* \$3.00 (\*)—Lionel Atwill in a British crime play which manages to afford a proper amount of mystery thrills without the use of hysterics. Adults.

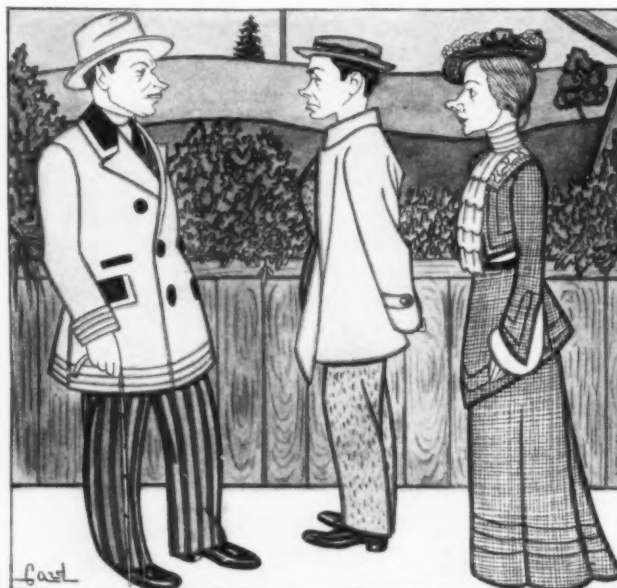
**GETTING MARRIED.** *Guild.* \$3.00 (X)—Well staged revival of the George Bernard Shaw play with Henry Travers, Helen Westley and Dorothy Gish.

**THE WISER THEY ARE.** *Plymouth.* \$3.85 (X)—Osgood Perkins providing the few redeeming moments in an uninteresting sex play.

**THE RAP.** *Aron.* \$3.00 (X)—Presenting an exposé of relationships between the judiciary and the underworld. Based on recent vice investigations.

**PETER IBBETSON.** *Shubert.* \$3.00 (\*)—An interesting revival with Dennis King, George Nash, Jessie Royce Landis and others.

**MELO.** *Eitel Barrymore.* \$3.85 (\*)—Edna Best doing a superb job in Henry Bernstein's drama dealing with infidelity.



"HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

Roy Gordon, with his fancy ways, is making no dent in the moral courage of James Bell and Mary Phillips—a married couple who keep their high ideals all evening.

Able support by Basil Rathbone and Earle Larimore.

**SCHOOL FOR VIRTUE.** *Longacre.* \$3.00 (\*)—A comedy by Arthur Ebenauers with Shirley Booth, Robert W. Craig and others.

**THE BELLAMY TRIAL.** *48th Street Theatre.* \$2.50 (\*)—One of the better court-room mystery plays based on the well-known novel.

**BRASS ANKLE.** *Masque.* \$3.00 (\*)—Du Bose Heyward's play concerning miscegenation. Alice Brady has a white child and then a dark one—due to careless antecedents.

## MUSICAL

**THREE'S A CROWD.** *Selwyn.* \$5.50—Sat. Hol. \$6.60 (X)—Revue with Clifton Webb, Libby Holman and Fred Allen. Adults.

**GIRL CRAZY.** *Alvin.* \$5.50 (\*)—Top-notch, lively show set to Gershwin music with comedy by Willie Howard. And there's Ethel Merman ("Sam and Delilah")—and the cowboy quartet ("Bidin' My Time").

**MEET MY SISTER.** *Imperial.* \$3.00 (\*)—Continental importation. Charming atmosphere when you're in a restful mood.

**YOU SAID IT.** *Chanin's 46th Street.* \$4.40 (\*)—Collegiate pep. Lou Holtz and Lyda Roberti furnish consistent amusement.

**AMERICA'S SWEETHEART.** *Broadhurst.* \$5.50 (\*)—Another crack at Hollywood—this time with music. With Jeanne Aubert and Jack Whiting.

**THE WONDER BAR.** *Bayes.* \$6.60 (\*)—Al Jolson hypnotising an audience for three hours by brute personality. His folk song; a few moments with Patsy Kelly; and an amazing dance team (Chilton and Thomas) are the high spots.

Pss-st. And if you do go to see this show you may witness an example of "service" never before offered by a theatre.

## RECORDS

### BRUNSWICK

"I HAVE TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK HOW I DANCED WITH TEARS IN MY EYES OVER YOU"—Ben Bernie and His Orchestra. A most delightful effort at non-chalance. *and*

"YOU'RE JUST A LOVER"—The same band play a tune in a minor key, with prominent violins. Nice vocal choruses. What's his name?

"WHA'D JA DO TO ME?"—The Boswell Sisters, accompanied by the Dorsey Brothers. These girls know their close harmonies, and should be careful of too much solo work. *and*

"WHEN I TAKE MY SUGAR TO TEA"—The same feminine trio. Not as good as the other side. We're looking forward to another release.

### COLUMBIA

"SIBONEY" *and*

"ADIOS"—Rumba foxtrots played by Enrique Madriguera's Havana Casino Orchestra with all the rumba color and accessories possible. You'll enjoy the first one—but halfway thru the second monotonous sets in.

"THE TUNE THAT NEVER GROWS OLD" *and*

"BY MY SIDE"—Lee Morse and Her Blue  
(Continued on page 30)





It was the Devon tides that first brought news of England's rising sea power. Even though Fowey is pronounced "Foy", she is proud of having sent forty-seven ships to the siege of Calais against London's twenty-five. A tumble of ridges and ravines takes you to Falmouth where the Greeks came for hides and the French for revenge.

You can gather wild rose sprays in June, on sunny Devon hedgerows. The green barley grows deep along the fields. The grasses begin to be tinged with the soft hues of their bloom and ox-eye daisies flourish in white companies. There are dappings of the elder's creamy blossom on some of the hedges and the broom flowers follow the gorses in a blaze of gold.

In palm-bowered Cornwall a day's rain is a news event. You feel as Sir Francis Drake must have felt three hundred years before when you admire the grizzled sea dogs who man the fleets of Britain. The West Countrie of England is as characteristic as Chaucer. An old mansion in which Effingham and Hawkins may have caroused, watches you warily as you drive your ball into a ring of evergreens.

*Illustrated Guide No. 5 will be gladly mailed if you write to*

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**Great Western  
and  
Southern  
Railways  
of England.**

Winners of LIFE'S Cross Word  
Picture Puzzle No. 86



*The school teacher's husband is tardy.*

L. A. McDonald  
19 No. Genesee St.  
Geneva, N. Y.

For explanation: Educational advantages in the home.

Mrs. Raymond Best  
11 Beacon Way  
Riverside, Calif.

For explanation: Teacher's pet does his home work.

Major L. Deane  
1 Dayton Street  
Worcester, Mass.

For explanation: Teacher's pet does his home work.

Robert D. Salinger  
84 State Street  
Boston, Mass.

For explanation: He did not bring a note from his mama.

Industry is facing a difficult problem just now. It has to manufacture articles that will just hold together until the last instalment has been paid.  
—Everybody's Weekly.

A man was recently seen hurrying towards a suburban station carrying three suits over his arm. Evidently he wanted to make absolutely sure for once that he hadn't left his season ticket in one of his other pockets.

—The Humorist.

# "Chic" Sale—The Specialist

adds  
another  
EX-  
to the EX-  
STORIES



A MEMBER of the cabinet resigns an' publishes a book under the headin' of "Ex-Member." A woman gits a divorce an' writes a book, callin' it "Ex-Slave." A man of mystery retires on his millions an' writes the story of his life, namin' it "Ex-Hijacker." The library shelves an' the cigar store book counter are piled with books about ex-somebody.

Well sir, Elmer Ridgway was talkin' to the clerk at the drug store. "I've read those ex-books," sez the clerk to Elmer, "till I am jest about ex-hausted. My head aches, an' I'm seein' spots before my eyes, an' I'll have to git myself some glasses I ex-pect."

"Maybe it ain't your eyes," sez Elmer, pointin' to some little blue tin boxes of chocolate tablets behind the counter an' sez, "Try some of your own goods an' maybe you'll feel ex-try good."

*Chic Sale*

ISN'T it gratifying to know that the laxative you take has the weight of medical approval behind it?

"Those little chocolate tablets"—called Ex-Lax—are great favorites with doctors. They know that Ex-Lax is simply pure chocolate, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective—for every age. At all druggists—10c, 25c, and 50c boxes.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
The Chocolated Laxative

FREE "CHIC" SALE SAYINGS  
Complete set of  
and sample of Ex-Lax

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City..... State.....

Mail this coupon to The Ex-Lax Co., Dept. LF.531  
P.O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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you favor



is sold everywhere.

Its quality keeps it  
first in sales.....

Millions benefit  
from its use.....

The Old Order  
Changeth . . .



But LIFE goes on just the same. We've been going on for 48 years now and LIFE gets more interesting and assumes a more important place in worldly affairs every day. It just isn't possible to get by a minute longer without this keen and pleasant outlook on life. Suppose you OBEY THAT IMPULSE "RIGHT NOW".

**10 WEEKS ONE DOLLAR**  
(Foreign \$1.40)

**LIFE** 60 East 42nd Street, New York

One Year  
\$5.00

Foreign  
\$6.50

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5-3

## LIFE IN SOCIETY



### MASKED MARVEL SCORES UPSET

*Prudence ("Choker Face") Le Boutonniere ready to take the chalked surface in the opening round of the White Sulphur Springs Ladies Singles. She is wearing a thick mask to hide her chin so her opponent will be unable to anticipate into which court she is going to serve.*

Mrs. Gail Bayard Steers of Dobbs Ferry presided yesterday at a meeting of the Hudson Valley Garden Club held at the Ardsley Racquet and Swimming Club. Edward Damboon played Hubbard squash for the members.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hazelton announce the engagement of their daughter Mabel Jaster to James Dubb Jr. and a small railroad.

Mrs. H. Cratterlee Murray-Murray entertained Walter Winchell last week with the birth of a son.

Mrs. Ralph Gilmore of Montclair entertained guests from East Orange at bridge yesterday because everyone in Montclair has heard about her operation.

On the bridle trails yesterday were Miss Nancy Rockhill of Elizabeth, N. J., William Taylor of Garden City, L. I. and a stumbling block named Mrs. Rockhill.

Miss Ellen Carrageen of Great Barrington, Conn., who is visiting Mrs. Pell Porgy at the Court Inn, rode to hounds in the weekly drag yesterday. This evening Mrs. Porgy is honoring Miss Carrageen with a standup supper.

—Jack Cluett.



**Books**

**ROAMING AMERICAN HIGHWAYS**, by John T. Faris. *Farrar & Rinehart*, \$3. (Photographs.) The season's most readable and incidentally informing seeing-American close-up of coast to coast tours, and round about: in which roads, places, historical landmarks and people are presented in a series of charming topographical intimacies.

**UNDER THE NORTH POLE**, by Sir Hubert Wilkins. *Brewer & Warren*, \$3. A preview of the Wilkins-Ellsworth Expedition, in which is told what they propose to do, pole hunting in a submarine. Far be it from us to throw any more ice water on this wonderful stunt, written up here so convincingly in advance. So, good luck boys. Many happy returns.

**WHEN DANA WAS THE SUN**, by Charles J. Rosebault. *McBride & Co.*, \$3.75 (containing a cartoon from *Life*). Any book about C.A.D. is sure to be interesting, and this one does give him life and color, but the author has missed so much, has been too brief in his notes of those who surrounded Dana. But let us not complain; as far as it goes, it is a good picture of one of our four or five great editors.

**FATHER**, by Elizabeth. *Doubleday, Doran Co.*, \$2.50. Distinguished British novelist (65) suddenly presents his daughter-secretary (33) with a bride who is even younger than the daughter. What is the daughter to do, what would you do? She does it in one of those rare stories in which a true comedy is the result. You know how it is coming out, but that adds, rather than detracts, from the fun.

**GAMBLER'S WIFE**, by Elizabeth Gertrude Stern. *Macmillan Co.*, \$2.50. Story of American girl, preacher's daughter,—time the eighties and onward—who marries a gambler, and then—? Although somewhat disconnected, out of hand, it is a story of power and only falls short of being on a high level, by what one feels is the author's indecision in the telling.

—Thomas L. Masson.

## The Modern Fishing Boat equipped with Sterling Dolphin 6 cylinder 300 h.p. engines

**OWNERS**  
 Richard Morte . . . "Pronto" and "Pronto II"  
 Howard Benbright . . . "Bonito III"  
 Amory Gaultidge . . . "Lindale"  
 Edsel B. Ford . . . "Marlin"

Duplicate spur, throttle and reverse controls enable handling from both bridge and after deck.



51'6" long, 12'6" beam, 3' draft, designed by Eldredge-McNitt, Inc., of Boston; duplicates have been built by F. D. Lawley, Quincy; Chester Clement, Southwest Harbor, Me; Lamb & O'Connell, Inc., Siquantum, Mass.

Preceded by a dash to good fishing waters, sometimes 40 to 60 miles away, trolling requires many hours of slow speed running. The dash to and from port imposes another condition, two hours or more each way with throttles almost wide open. Swiftly the sporting Dolphin engines then drone a song of speed. Correct design, well fitted bearings and pistons and a minimum of oil consumption, assure a clean combustion chamber. The Sterling Dolphin engines slow down docilely for trolling, and powerfully drive at maximum, season after season. Twin Sterling 6 cylinder engines, power 5 of these new type fishing cruisers. The maximum speed is about 28 miles an hour. An engine catalog explains the significance of 1052 cubic inches of piston displacement, dual valves in the head, dynamically balanced crankshafts and other engine details.

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Equipment includes sword fishing pulpit, bait well, ice box, lockers, forward cockpit, galley, upper and lower berth and separate crews quarters.



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and stop the pain of  
 Corns, Bunions,  
 Calluses, and Hot,  
 Perspiring, Smarting  
 feet. Ask for the New  
 Shaker Top Family size.

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# Have your barber clean out this face net!



Your face—every face—has a network of pores. These pores catch and hold the dust, the dirt and the soot which float through the air.

Tightly imbedded in your pores, this dirt cannot merely be washed away. It clogs the pores, often causing blackheads, blemishes and skin eruptions.

Ask for a genuine Pompeian Massage after your shave—tell your barber to use the genuine *Pompeian Massage Cream*. Watch him rub it in, a pink, rosy cream. He keeps rubbing—a fresh, delightful, tingling sensation follows. Then the cream rolls out. Pink? No, a grimy, sooty grey—grey with pore-dirt! But now your face is *clean*.

Keep a jar of this pink magic on your bathroom shelf. A few minutes' massage regularly will keep your skin toned up. A large jar is only 60c at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (Sales Offices: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto.)

## POMPEIAN PINK MASSAGE CREAM

"My sweetie owes me several letters."

"That's nothing. Greta Garbo owes several hundred."

—Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

Mayor Walker threw out the first baseball the other day but there are some of us who are still waiting for him to throw out the first officeholder.

—New York Evening Post.

## Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 26)

Grass Boys. Lee sounds as if she barely stifles her sobs long enough to get thru these two. Too slushy for enjoyment.

### VICTOR

"OH, How I Miss You"—Johnny Hamp and His Orchestra are to be commended for this presentation. Carefully orchestrated and musically played. Listen for the muted trumpet obligato in first chorus. *and*

"IF YOU SHOULD EVER NEED ME"—Same orchestra. Carl Graub sings the words which suggest a big-hearted disposition.

"I KEEP REMEMBERING"—Wayne King and His Orchestra. *and*

"WHEN YOU WERE THE BLOSSOM OF BUTTERCUP LANE"—Ted Weems and His Orchestra. Two bands that are safe bets almost anytime. You'll like both sides.

### SHEET MUSIC

"I Surrender Dear" (No show)

"So Long" (No show)

"Come To Me" *and*

"If You Haven't Got Love" (Morie—In-discreet)

"Nevertheless I'm In Love With You" (No show)

"Shoutin' To The Sun" (No show)

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

"I couldn't even think of marriage unless you can offer me the same sort of life as I have been accustomed to see in the films."

—Sondagsnisse Strix (Stockholm).

CURATE—"I am very glad to see you coming to church regularly, Mrs. Black."

MRS. BLACK—"Oh, yes, sir. I'll be coming often now, sir. I does it to spite me old man. He hates me going to church."

—Baltimore Sun.

### Solution of May 8 Puzzle

S	C	A	R		W	I	D	O	W	S		L	A	P
E	R	I	E		A	D	O	R	E		H	A	L	O
W	A	R	N		R	O	S	E		R	O	D	E	O
B	E	T	S		L	E		L	A	W		Y	E	R
G		D	E	N		S	P	O	I	L				
A	S		D	I	E	T		R	U	N		B	U	S
R	O	B		P	A	I	N	E	D		P	E	R	T
T	R	A	P	S		T	O	T		I	M	A	G	E
E	R	R	S		P	A	R	T	E	D		D	E	W
R	Y	E		P	A	N		Y	O	L	K		S	E
				M	O	I	S	T		N	E	A	T	
C	O	P	I	E	D		H	A		D	I	R	T	
E	V	E	N	T		P	I	N	T		S	A	I	D
D	E	N	T		P	I	N	T	O		E	C	R	U
E	N	D		B	A	N	K	E	R		R	E	E	D

## Squibb's gift to shaving comfort



DOUBLE-ACTION—a shaving cream principle developed in the Squibb laboratories—makes your morning shave a pleasant and bracing jaunt over your face. For it gives you double-comfort!

1. Comfort while you shave because a lubricating balm makes the razor glide without rasping or tugging.
2. Comfort after you shave because it contains an ingredient especially developed to replace the delicate oils that keep your skin healthy and comfortable.

A double-action shave is the kind you often hear about but seldom find. Try Squibb Shaving Cream. Ask your druggist for a free sample or send 10c for a generous guest-size tube to E. R. Squibb & Sons, Squibb Building, New York City.

## SQUIBB Double-action SHAVING CREAM

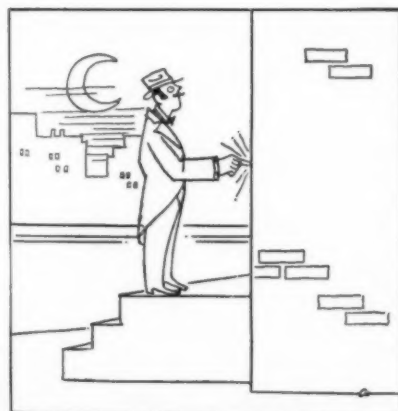
WATER . . . WHISPERING  
AT THE BOW . . . BUBBLING  
AT THE BLADE



AHEAD—the stream is glassy smooth. Astern—it ripples shoreward. You gently twist the blade, and drift into the shade of a tree. A bright-plumed bird takes wing—as silently as your Old Town. Nothing can ever equal the quiet of a canoe—the peace, and solid contentment!

Old Towns are patterned from the Indians' birch-barks. They're light, graceful, well-balanced, and easy to handle. Built sturdy and strong for years of use. Free catalog shows all canoe-types. Also rowboats; dinghies; big, fast, seaworthy, outboard family-boats; and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 1226 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"



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In a Wheeler "Playmate" Cruiser you find luxurious beds, plenty of closet space, complete kitchen, sanitary toilet arrangement, porch-like deck, easy chairs—and cool, dust-free air, relaxation and limitless fun and pleasure.

Order your "Playmate" now. It means the happiest summer you have ever had. Twenty-one models (22 feet to 62 feet).

Write for Catalog 26



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# Apollinaris

It is bottled only with its Own Natural Gas

The Finest Sparkling Table Water in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

"I would like to marry your daughter."

"One word first. Can you support a family?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Very good. I must tell you there are seven of us."—*Der Goltz, Vienna.*

SCHOOLMASTER—"Now I want you to tell me which of those words are singular and which are plural. Tomkins, you take the first, 'trousers.'"

TOMKINS (after deliberation)—"Singular at the top and plural lower down, sir."—*Punch.*

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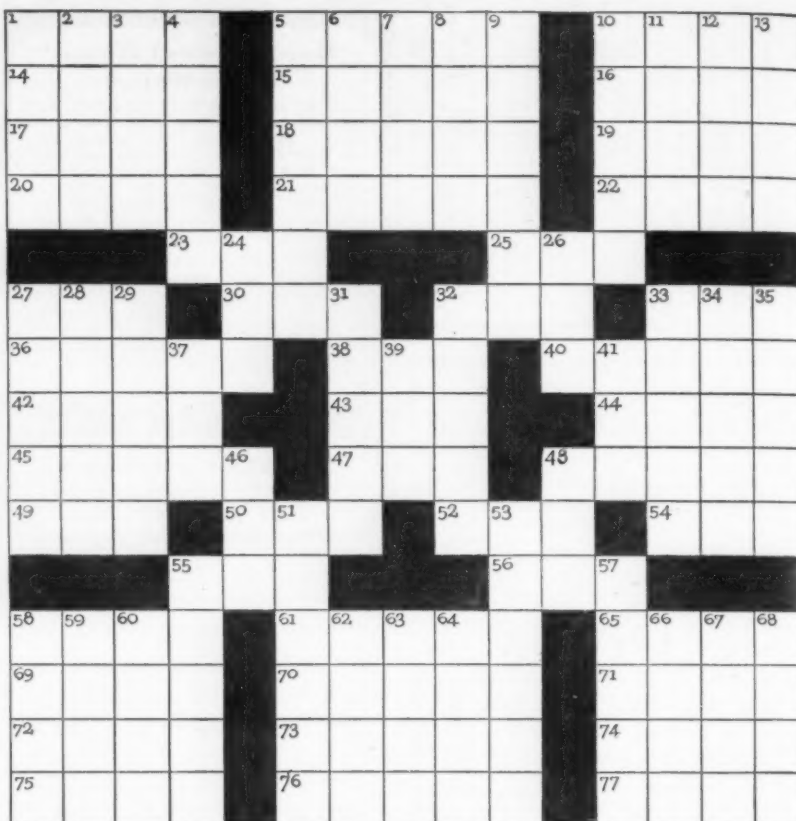


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## LIFE'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE



### ACROSS

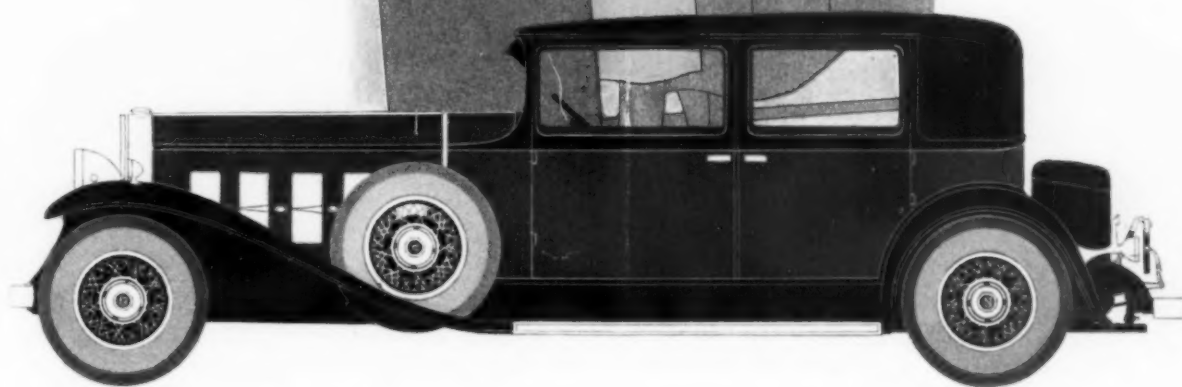
1. A sight to see.
5. Squabble.
10. A Scottish family.
14. A musical passage.
15. This is very spicy.
16. An elegant gown.
17. This is over.
18. Fasten strongly.
19. A piece of real estate in the ocean.
20. The low down.
21. High class songs.
22. This will grow.
23. Old Man Sunshine.
25. Hang down.
27. A barker.
30. A ceiling walker.
32. Snake.
33. Part of a circle.
36. A troublesome attack.
38. A wise old bird.
40. Rarin' to go.
42. He's in line to be a partner.
43. Somebody's goat.
44. Present.
45. Where the grass stays green.
47. Compass point.
48. A volcano.
49. A tree.
50. Chum.
52. Be sorry.
54. A measurement.
55. Went in haste.
56. The way to grab a good thing.
58. A fast driver.
61. This is new.
65. This neither sinks nor swims.
69. Mountain chain.
70. Overhead.
71. A fancy song.
72. One of those little things.
73. A fish, the burbot, Plu.
74. You do this for profit.
75. His Lordship.
76. People who look ahead.
77. Exactly alike.

### DOWN

1. Just a bit of froth.
2. An Indian.
3. This hangs around the garden.
4. Our best wishes.
5. A roll of parchment.
6. A little snip.
7. Wander around.
8. Declare.
9. These are always flowery.
10. This is very snappy.
11. To be defeated.
12. This is very competent.
13. Necessity.
24. Often.
26. Open.
27. This follows the crime.
28. Up to date.
29. Sacred song.
31. Rustic.
32. A Southern tree.
33. This is always active.
34. Have a good time.
35. A fish basket.
37. Self esteem.
39. To succeed.
41. What we all do in time.
46. European resort.
48. Green seed.
51. Yearly records.
53. Except.
55. The boss.
57. Impudence.
58. Bound to get ahead.
59. A lake.
60. There is a good deal of dislike about this.
62. Musical instrument.
63. Ballot.
64. All the time there is.
66. Plane surface.
67. A movie.
68. Story.



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